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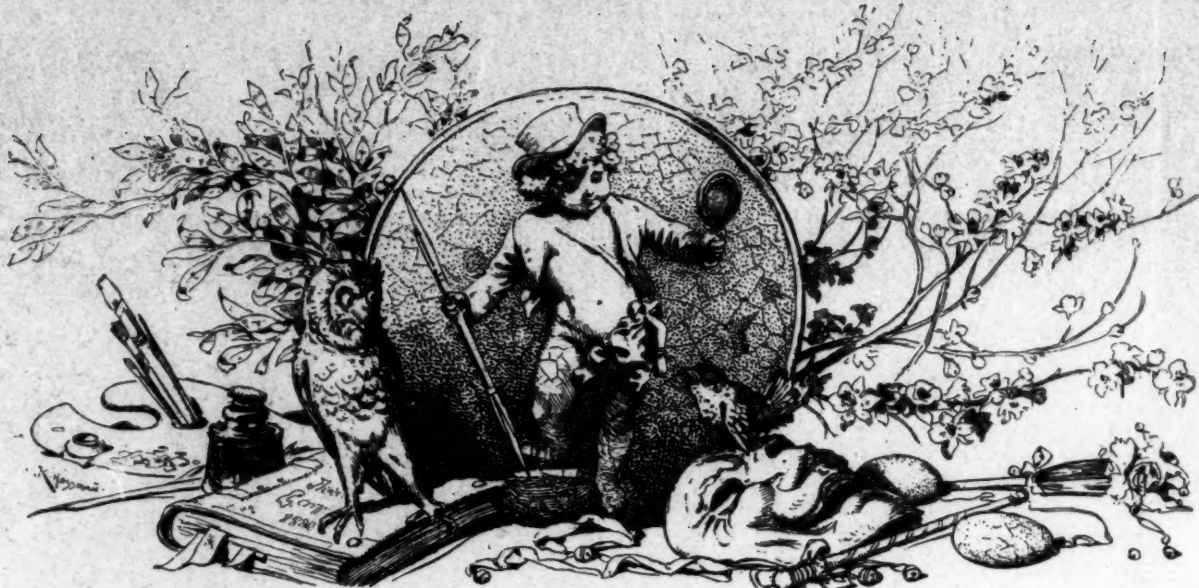
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUCK



THE FLIRT.



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Cartoons and Comments

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

ALTHOUGH there is said to be a variety of booms of more or less stamina and activity in the Republican Party, nevertheless it is going to be Taft or Roosevelt, according to the best pre-convention guesses. And yet the nomination of either Taft or Roosevelt would mean embarrassing and uncertain moments for the gentlemen in charge of the Republican campaign. Neither statesman at the head of the ticket would mean a primrose path for the campaign managers. If President Taft is not renominated, the campaign managers will have to explain why, in his own party's estimation, the President isn't worthy of another term. It would amount practically to an official confession that his own party considered his administration a failure. On the other hand, if he is renominated, President Taft will enter upon a defensive campaign, his managers well knowing that his renomination will make doubtful a number of States hitherto regarded as safely Republican. As for the Colonel, his nomination would be—for him—a double honor. He would not merely be honored by his party over the head of President Taft, but he would be given the momentous distinction of being the first Presidential candidate of any party to put the third-term issue squarely up to the people at the polls. We have heard a great deal about the third term, what a dangerous precedent it would be, and all that; but up to date nobody has been allowed to take it boldly into the polling-place and let the voters decide, rather than the politicians, whether it is really such an unpopular thing. Of course, Colonel Roosevelt has had only one elective term in the White House, and

some say that to apply the third-term charge to Roosevelt is ridiculous. Nevertheless, it is a cry that will make quite a noise in the land if the Colonel is nominated, and nobody knows

what effect the cry will have upon voters. It would simplify the Republican problem very much if there could be a little advance light on the subject, but unfortunately that is impossible.

If the Colonel enjoys the pioneer life and the privilege of breaking trail as much as we believe he does, he will enjoy himself hugely as the Republican candidate. Mr. Taft, on the contrary, would not be confronted with any trail-breaking necessity; he would have simply to face those Republicans of radical tendencies who believe that a second term for Taft would be a much greater calamity than a third term for Roosevelt could possibly be. Altogether, the Republican situation does not spell unity. Unity comes from unit, and the *Century Dictionary* defines unit as "a single thing or person." It is hard to make a unit out of something which is hopelessly split.



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

"IS THIS A REPUBLICAN YEAR? AND WILL THEY STAND FOR THE THIRD TERM?"

THE BRANDT case in New York served to remind newspapers the country over that the Recall of Judges is still an issue, and that the surest way to quicken it into life, even in the "conservative East," at the very doors of the "money power," is to give the public ground for belief that the Bench is sometimes party to oppression and conspiracy. A distinction should be made, however. There is no lack of ways to get rid of a judge who has been guilty of actual crime. The Constitution provides adequately for that. The Recall seeks to reach the judge who violates no law, but whose acts and decisions, though scrupulously and flawlessly legal, are persistently contrary to the welfare and rights of the community, and at right angles to the spirit of democracy.



What's What in Washington.



SOME PRIVATE-WIRE GOSSIP FROM AROUND THE BIG DOME.

THERE is something in a name after all. If you don't believe it just ask any army officer or preferably a War Department clerk. He knows, and the chances are that he learned the lesson in the post-graduate school of experience. If he did n't there are plenty of people in Washington who have—and all because the Secretary of War has changed his name, or rather, the pronunciation of it, which amounts to one and the same thing.

Until he took the oath of office as Secretary of War, less than a year ago, the newest member of the Taft cabinet called himself Henry Lewis Stimson, pronounced, of course, with a short "i." Not so now. The "i" is long and the bearer of it insists that everyone who addresses him shall call him as if his name were spelled Stimeson,—with an accent on the "ime."

Just three days and a half after Mr. Stimson assumed the duties of supervising the military service he issued a bulletin ordering the change in the pronunciation of his name. "Hereafter in addressing or referring to the Secretary of War all those connected with this department will pronounce his name as indicated," the instructions ran. The new secretary was prompted in issuing the order because several members of the General Staff and other army officers of high rank had called on him to offer congratulations, and were careless enough to call him by his right name.

"It's funny about Stim—," remarked a Yale alumnus who was a classmate of the Secretary of War back in the 'eighties. "Who would have thought that he would change his name just be-

cause he was appointed to a place in the Cabinet. He was 'Stim—' when he was in college and it was 'Stim—' when he was practising law in New York, and it's going to keep on being 'Stim—' with me. I refuse to change my ways just because he has changed his name, and I intend to tell him so. I'll admit that the Secretary of War is a far-seeing man, and maybe that is why he wants those who work under him to accent the long "i."

AS AN evidence that clean politics is on the wane, the foreman of the Turkish bath parlors in the basement of the Senate office building admits that few Senators take advantage of the free baths any more. According to his statement, the Lorimer investigators alone are regular patrons.

UNLESS a Congressman is a member of one of the special investigating committees or is a Presidential candidate he simply isn't in it in Washington these days. Most of the Senators and Representatives are in it—or on the verge of being so—because the majority of those that are not actively connected with probing some alleged national scandal are flirting with Mr. Taft's job. Right this minute there are a half-dozen restless solons who are figuring more on which transfer company they will employ to move their household goods into the White House on March 4, 1913, than they are on carrying out the legislative duties that the country expects of them.

NEXT to investigations and Presidential candidates the Congress is long on economy. After abolishing a lot of so-called useless jobs around the Capitol, whereby the Democrats contend they have saved the Government a quarter of a million dollars or more a year, the House passed the Sherwood Pension Bill that will take about sixty million dollars out of the Treasury.

"It's a good bet that the old soldiers need a dollar-a-day pension," observed an ex-attaché of the Capitol who served a dozen years as messenger to the third assistant to the assistant-doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, "but so do we fellows who lost out when the pay-roll was shaved down. I soldiered on my job here in Washington just as much as some of the old fighters did during the Civil War, and I think I am entitled now to get a dollar-a-day pension if they do. It was a sad day for us guys with soft jobs when Uncle Joe stepped down and handed the gavel over to Champ."

THE trouble long brewing in the War Department between Major-General Leonard Wood and Major-General Fred C. Ainsworth reached its climax in an order from Secretary Stimson relieving Ainsworth of the duties of Adjutant-General. Friends of the two who had thought of negotiating treaties of peace gave up hope of reconciliation long since. Both wear about the same amount of gold braid, and yet these two military men continue to be at loggerheads. Both are physicians. One is an allopath, and the other is a homœopath.

THE CHANGELINGS.

FROM State to State, with weary feet,
Went he in fruitless quest,
To find the place where bound'ries meet—
Where there's no East nor West.

"Old man," I cried, "come stop and rest,
And I will spread a feast,
So you can tell me whence the West
And where you found the East."

He shook his head, and then confessed
His fruitless search had ceased.
"I find," quoth he, "that East is West—
The West is now the East."

"Oh, sir," said I, "you do but jest,
For such things cannot be.
The East is east and West is west,
Each bounded by the sea."

"It's all too true," quoth he, distress'd,
"I joke not in the least;
The tamest East is now out West,—
The wildest West is East!"

Don. Cameron Shafer.

OUT.

YEARS had passed, the political equality of the sexes was *fait accompli*, and a certain candidate for the Presidency had but now been knocked, in a dignified manner, into a cocked hat.

Her humiliation was complete. But although she declined to talk for publication, her friends were less reticent.

"Hats of that shape," these protested, with much feeling, "went out ages ago!"

IF THE fox in the fable had been a man, and the grapes had been the fame and fortune which so many men so vainly strive to attain, then would the joke be a little different; and the grapes would be really sour.



"DIOS! HOW DID YOU EVER RIDE THE BEAST?"

Fortune is often accused of fickleness by many a suitor who has been far from constant in his attentions.



"GEE WHIZ! DON'T I GET ANY ENCORE?"

YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL IS BOTHERED BY A BEE.



If You Care to See a Picture of the Bee, Turn the Page.

THE MYSTERY OF FORTY-THREE.

FRONT, show this gentleman to Number Forty-three." The night-clerk stretched out and yawned.

"Oh, by the way, clerk!" The guest stopped and turned back to the desk. "I am very hard to awaken, and it is imperative that I catch the eight-o'clock train. I wish to leave a call for seven o'clock, and to assure it, I shall leave the key of my room in the door, I shall ring for the bell-boy when I retire, and he can lock me in. In the morning the porter can unlock the door and awaken me. You've no objection, I suppose?"

The clerk had no objection. He was used to queer requests of all kinds, although he did think this was rather new.

Shortly after, Forty-three's number dropped on the board and the bell-boy answered the call, returning with the key to the room, which the clerk hung on its hook.

In the morning the porter stopped in front of Forty-three, rapped on the door, could obtain no answer. He then opened the door and entered the room. There was no one there! The bed had been rumpled as if slept in. There was an overturned chair and table; a broken pitcher; a book open on the floor, and the light turned on.

The porter had during his service witnessed several suicide cases. He felt that something was wrong. He had received orders to call a guest. There was no guest to call. He lost no time in communicating his discovery to the clerk on duty. The clerk viewed the room, then called the manager. The manager took a look, then called the police.

And when, after the police had examined everything with a secretive and knowing air, they having no one else on whom to shift the responsibility, declared that things looked black; that while they had formed an opinion, at the present stage of the proceedings it would be highly improper to disclose what this opinion was; but that inside of a few days at the latest, as clues developed themselves more fully, they would make a statement to the public.

The afternoon papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of the hotel guest. He had registered under the name of John Smith,

Chicago. It was weeks before the last of the John Smiths of Chicago had all been found on their respective jobs.

Then, after three weeks had passed, the important clue that the police had discovered was given to the public. A book which had been found on the room floor was the important link which the police hoped to weld in their chain of evidence.

The book was one of the latest society novels, written by the popular author John Ki-i Goulash, named *The Trial Marriage*. The book had been found open to page 484, and the description of John Gotrox, the hero, which appeared on this page, was underlined with pencil: "He was a tall, dark-complexioned man of forty, with a squint in each eye, humpbacked, and slightly intoxicated."

The conclusion arrived at by the police had been that the victim had underlined these words as a description of his assailant for his identification

and apprehension. That the assailant had entered the room by means of skeleton keys, a fight had followed, the guest had been overcome, and the assailant had carried off the body.

This theory was ridiculed by the papers. They admitted robbery as the motive, and that the body had been removed, but insisted that it had been lowered from the windows to a waiting confederate, and that it would have been impossible to remove it by means of the stairway.

Weeks passed, but the case advanced no nearer a solution. Thousands of *The Trial Marriage* had been sold, as everyone was anxious to read the description underlined by the missing man. The space dwindled in the papers to a paragraph, then passed out entirely, and the latest sensation engrossed the attention of the public. In the police records the case had been marked "Unsolved."

It was several months after that Ki-i Goulash, the author of *The Trial Marriage*, sat in his publisher's private office. "It was this way," he said. "I went into the room, turned on the lights, tossed things topsy-turvy, fixed up the book, rang the bell, left the key in the door, walked down the stairs and out the ladies' entrance."

"Yes." John Ki-i caressed a check for royalties in four figures, inserting it in his leather bill-fold. "Yes, advertising pays!" F. Lee Allen.



THE OBVIOUS QUESTION.

JUDGE.—You are charged with intoxication. What is your name?

THE CULPRIT.—Roderick McTavish McGregor.

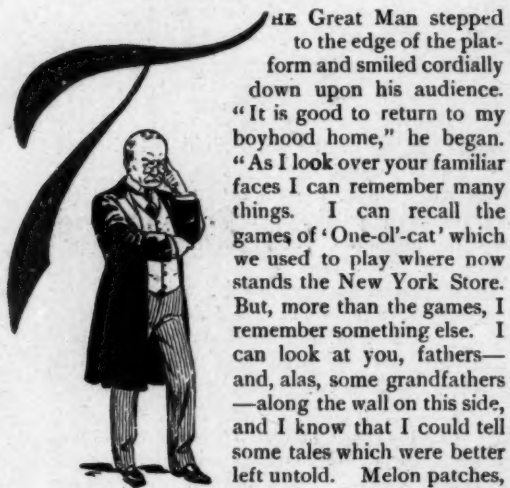
JUDGE.—Hm m-m! Who paid for your liquor?

Actions speak so much louder than words that a refined age, averse to needless noise, prefers preaching to practice.



THE BEE.
(*Apis Scrappicus.*)

HOW THEY COME BACK.



might go into the telling. But we won't go into details.

"I can look at my old friends on the other side and remember just as much. I can see the old swimming-hole, below Clinker's Mill. I remember 'Skeeter' Clinker, and I can remember how he and I—well, never mind what I remember.

"Now, friends, let's try and forget these years which have passed over our heads. I don't want you to feel that I am different from the little boy with whom you used to play. Let's make believe that we are kids again. Because I come to you to-night with more or less of the world's goods sticking to me, and some of the world's fame, is no good reason why we should be to each other anything else than what we were of old. 'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!'

"I am not Jameson T. Wadsworth, magnate and capitalist, dignified and unapproachable. I want to be just 'Skinny,' or 'Jimmy,' or 'Wadsie,' like I used to be. I am frank with you. I want to be treated as one of you, not as a rich man."

The Great Man stepped down from the platform and mingled with the crowd. But they would not treat him as he asked. They did not seem able to forget his position, and there was marked restraint. He tried to figure out some plan whereby he might overcome their all-too-evident respect; and he wished that just one of them would break the ice, that just one of them would speak to him as he would have spoken long ago.

Then a tall, stoop-shouldered individual, with a straggling, straw-colored moustache, slapped him sharply upon the back and poked him in the ribs with a stiff forefinger. "Why, 'Skinny,' you old rooster, you remembered 'Skeeter' Clinker, did you?" he blatted. "Well, I'll be darned if you've changed much. I reckon you're about as good at hookin' things as you used to be—judgin' from your fin-an-shul ratin'. They do say as how you kin plunder a railroad as easy as you an' me used to plunder ol' Widder Snickem's orchard. 'Member how you used to say you was goin' to grow up an' be a Jesse James? Well, if all I hear is true, you've done her, an' what's more you've got him skinned a whole lot. How about it, ol' hoss?"

But the Great Man looked blankly into the face of his interrogator and replied coldly: "Clinker? Clinker? Somehow I don't seem to remember you."

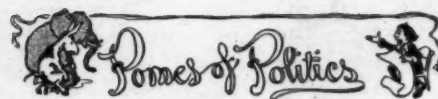
Chas. C. Jones.



NEVER TOO YOUNG TO LEARN.

BREAK THEM IN EARLY TO BE STRAP-HANGERS, AND PERHAPS THEY WON'T KICK LATER ON.

The best of us are apt to be a good deal more irritable at those times when we know it is safe to be so.



THE PROGRESSIVE PLATFORM.

"We use the name of Roosevelt because Roosevelt is himself a definite platform."

—A. F. Moore of the Pittsburg Leader.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
When from *The Outlook* shop there passed
A man who whooped with fierce delight,
"There's only one best bet in sight:
T. Roosevelt!"

"Oh, what's your platform, friend?" they cried.
"My platform? Zounds!" the man replied,
"What better platform *can* there be
Than true reform's epitome,
T. Roosevelt?"

"But what," they said, "about the Trust?
Disintegrate, control, or bust?
What method do you advocate?"
He waved his hand and begged to state:
"T. Roosevelt."

On Tariff then they questioned him.
He set his visage stern and grim,
And answered with a snort: "Gee-whiz!
Have I not said our platform is
T. Roosevelt?"

"Good sir," they soothed, "let's start anew.
You're a Progressive: Tell us true
What does the word Progressive mean?"
He answered with a show of spleen:
"T. Roosevelt!"

"But Principles and Policies?
Declare yourself on things like these!"
The populace was getting sore;
But still he answered as before:
"T. Roosevelt!"

"Do you to nothing point with pride?
Nor view, alarmed, the other side?
What issues burn and seethe and hiss?"
"There's only one," he cried. "It's this:
T. Roosevelt!"

"T. Roosevelt will our issue be;
T. R., and nothing more," quoth he.
"T. Roosevelt, every platform plank;
And if we win, we'll have to thank
T. Roosevelt!"

A. H. Folwell.

THE WAY TO WIN.

BRONSON.—What's the best way to make
love to a girl?
DAWSON.—The worst way possible. Then
she'll think you mean it.

COULD N'T AFFORD TO THEN.

SCRIBBLER.—It took me nearly ten years to
learn that I could n't write poetry.
FRIEND.—Gave it up then, did you?
SCRIBBLER.—Oh, no. By that time I had
a reputation.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

PATRICK, JR.—The book says the first flag we
ever had was made from a petticoat.
PATRICK, SR.—Faith, what a pity it was that
the lady was n't wearing a grane wan.



Adventure.

I HAVE heard the bleachers roaring as I sent a homer soaring
To the land of "Never-Never," whence there's nothing wanders back;
On a hundred different courses I have ridden unknown horses,
And have nosed them out as winners as we thudded down the track;
Often, though the tacklers hampered, I have seized the ball and scampered,
Making just the needed touchdown when our side was in despair;
As an athlete I'm a winner—(as I dream it, after dinner,
In the dozy, cosy comfort of my leather Morris chair!)

Where the wild boar squealed and grunted I have followed far and hunted,
I have chased the mighty lion through the jungle dense and dim;
With the tiger fierce and cruel I have fought full many a duel,
And have killed him single-handed in a struggle stark and grim;
I have faced the beasts that ravage, I have chased the nimble savage,
I have taken all the chances that a man could ever dare;
Honest Injun! On the level! I'm a daring, reckless devil—
As I read about Adventure in my leather Morris chair!

Like an Arizona ranger I am really fond of Danger,
I'm a bosom friend of Courage and a stranger unto Fear;
And I always blithely carol when I'm facing deadly peril,
Such as foiling wicked villains with a diabolic sneer.
Any venture finds me willing if with Action it is thrilling;
I am game to tempt the ocean, or the mountains, or the air;
I'm the most courageous sinner—(when I'm drowsing, after dinner,
In the hazy, lazy comfort of my leather Morris chair!)

Berton Braley.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.



WILLIAM B. LEEDS, Jr., is nine years old; he is heir to an estate worth \$30,000,000; he lives in a house worth \$200,000 at Montclair, N. J., he has a male valet to dress and undress him; and he is driven to a private school in a French automobile, attended by a footman as well as a chauffeur. This makes interesting reading-matter for a public which will go into ecstasies of compassion for the boy so cursed with luxury, but which could not be persuaded to take down a dictionary and find out the meaning of the words "unearned increment." Sentimentalists should embalm their sympathy for the Leeds boy, and place it away where it will be handy for some more deserving case. William may be sitting in the lap of luxury; he may be surrounded with undemocratic persons and things; but he will undoubtedly struggle along a few years without popular assistance, and there are no reasons why he should not grow up well-educated, courteous, intelligent, and useful, which is not always true of boys who rejoice in the

superiority of their lowliness, and have to dress and undress themselves. But the boy's mother also makes a serious mistake when she will not let William play with other boys of the neighborhood because, as she says, "American boys are snobbish and undesirable companions." Mrs. Leeds obviously does not understand boys. The fact that little Willie Leeds is heir to an enormous pile of dollars will not in the least deprive the boy of his right to take all the degrees in the freemasonry of kidhood. He can have his face rubbed with snow, have his best cap sent flying into the top of a tree, and be just as soundly thrashed by the red-headed terror of the neighborhood, as if he did n't have a cent in the world.

HOW IT REALLY WAS.

"WELL,—ah-h'm!—Bobsby," ponderously began a certain young Arkansas lawyer whose earnest endeavor was to look like a portrait of the late John C. Calhoun, addressing a son of Senegambia who desired to have the sharp talons of the law socked into a colored fellow-citizen who had maltreated him. "In the complaint I have prepared I am alleging 'That James J. (commonly or colloquially known as 'Jack-legged') Swank, of the County of Shellback and State of Arkansas, on the 14th day of February, 1912, in and at the County of Shellback and State of Arkansas, did then and there, and upon the person of one Wilber Bobsby, unlawfully, wilfully, feloniously, premeditatedly, on purpose, and with malice aforethought, make and commit an assault, and with a dangerous and deadly weapon, to wit: an axe-helve or handle, which said helve or handle the said Swank then and there in hands had or held, and while thus having and holding the said Swank did then and there strike and beat him, the said Bobsby, in and upon the head of him, the said Bobsby, with the helve or handle aforesaid, inflicting on and giving to him, the said Bobsby, certain blows or thumps, of which said blows or thumps he did and does languish, and languishing still lives, but in a state and condition of deep humiliation, mental depression, physical misery, and shame, and——'"

"Bub-but—mum-mum-muh Lawd, sah!" interrupted the victim, greatly obfuscated. "De gen'leman didn't do all dat! He dess grabbed up de axe-helve and smacked me flat wid it, and den went to kickin' me 'round. And dar was n't no sich-uh 'mount o' sayin' gwine on as yo' got dar. I said dat I'd come to, git dem two dollahs he'd been owin' me since gracious knows when, or de squivalent. And he done gimme de squivalent—dat's all. 'I never said, nuthin' afo' dat—dar was n't no afo'said a-tall, sah. And I dess wants to sue him for 'bout fi' dollahs damages to mah pusson an' feelin's—I does n't want to hang de po' man!"

Tom P. Morgan.



THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

FIZZ CLERK.—Gee, but I bet that makes his nose mad!



The Unveiling.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE MONITORS AND T
The Civil War Merrimac Was Hard Enough to



TORS AND THE MERRIMAC.

Hard Enough to Whip, but This One May Be Harder.



HERE is a suggestion to Mr. Ziegfeld for the next "Follies of 1912":

Curtain goes up disclosing half-a-dozen or so Great Business Organizations. There is evidently something very much the matter with them: Their eyes are glassy, their mouths open, they lean dejectedly against the wall.

Enter, headed by Old Doc. Brandeis, a large corps of college professors, magazine writers, and other practical business men. In their midst they carry a great bottle of the marvelous new discovery—Efficiency. This they proceed to apply in huge doses to each of the ailing Great Business Organizations. Instantly there is a change. Mouths close, eyes brighten; the dejected figures brace up and look hopefully around. It is evidently THE STUFF.

WE showed the above to the executive head of a big manufacturing corporation located in New York. We should love to print exactly what he said, but unfortunately there are laws about such things and we can't. Here's the drift of it:

"Of all the blankety-blank rot that has been talked in the past year this talk about 'efficiency' is the worst. That man over there pulls down fifteen thousand dollars a year. He doesn't do a blessed thing all day except work out schemes to get everything done at the least possible cost. I myself spend half my time at it. Of course, none of us know as much about this business as a bunch of college professors who've never seen the inside of a manufacturing plant, but then we try—give us credit for that—we try.

"Scientific management? Why, everything in this plant, and every other big plant, is systematized down to the last hair's-breadth. We've been years at it. And now they come along with their spiel about 'scientific management' being a new thing! Of all the blankety-blank-ety-blank—"

We left with the firm intention of sending him an invitation to join the American Society for Promoting Efficiency, and then dropping in to see him in a day or two.

THE talkative young man who was short of the fifty shares of Steel had had the floor all to himself for fully five minutes. In that time the group around the ticker had learned that the going in the steel trade was very bad—but not half as bad as it would be when the tariff was cut. That would be about the end of it. An inundation of the product of "Europe's pauper labor"—Pittsburgh and Gary in ruins—so touching was the picture; that old man Grunholz stumped away from the ticker to the order-cage and excitedly told the order-clerk to buy in the "rips und pork" and sell short twenty-five Steel in its place. When he got back to the group around the ticker the flow of eloquence about "Europe's pauper labor" was still going on. It wasn't checked, in fact, until the page news-ticker began to spin, and the office-man read off the bulletin. "Exports of steel from the United States in 1911," it ran, "were in excess of two hundred million dollars. Of these great exports a large proportion went to Continental Europe. In view of what has recently been said about 'pauper labor' and lower costs of production abroad, the



PARADOXICAL.

THE FOX.—Why don't you come outside?

THE RABBIT.—Because if I came outside I might get inside; and if I stay inside I'm certain to remain outside.

fact that we are able to sell all this steel in the foreign market is highly interesting." For the rest of the afternoon the "pauper labor" man had nothing to say.

HE must have a good income of some sort, or be making money out of his business, or he couldn't keep putting up margins as he does. Half-a-dozen times a day he calls up to "get the market." He's the easiest man in the world to influence; buys and sells exclusively on "what he hears." Every big move finds him on the wrong side, but he doesn't complain. He just goes on losing his money. Do you know him? You DON'T? Why, his name is the same as yours. Franklin.

BANKING RULES.

IF you have any business at the bank, put it off till two o'clock or a little later, as it looks more business-like to rush in just as the bank is closing.

In depositing money, try to get it upside down and wrong end foremost, so that the teller may have a little exercise in straightening it out before counting it.

If you make a deposit of one hundred dollars and give a check for fifty dollars, it is a good thing to call frequently at the bank and ask how your account stands. This will impress the bank officers favorably with your business qualifications.

If a check is made payable to your order, be careful not to indorse it before handing it to the teller, but let him return it to you and wait while you indorse it. This helps to pass the time, and is a pleasure and a relief to the teller.

You can generally save time when making a deposit by counting down your money to the teller, as you can nearly always count more speedily and correctly than he can.

When you make a deposit, do not use a deposit ticket, but mix indiscriminately together checks and bills. This will facilitate matters exceedingly.

Always date your checks ahead. It is a never-failing sign that you keep a good balance in bank; or, if you do not wish it generally known that you are doing a good business, do not deposit your money until the very last moment before your check will be in. Horace Zimmerman.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

VISITOR.—Great Scott, man! What does this mean? You have all your windows up in here, and a zero wind blowing through at about ninety miles an hour!

FACTORY OWNER.—That's all right! You see, we put a label on all our goods guaranteeing that they aren't made in a sweat-shop.

People who don't marry till they are old enough to know better are not necessarily happier than those couples who do.



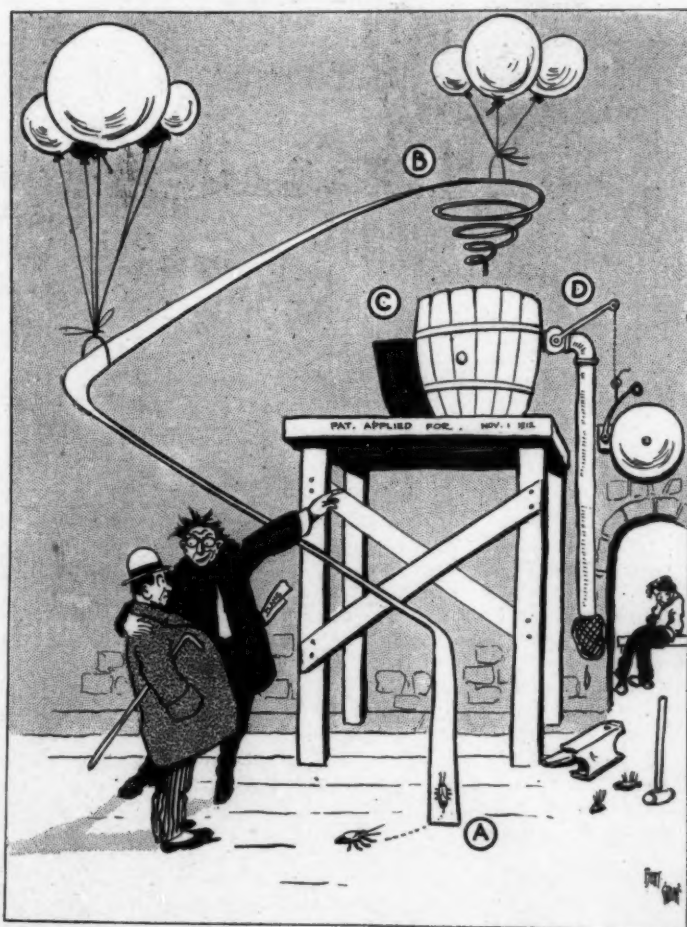
THE MAINSTAY.

MAGISTRATE.—What do *you* do, my man, to help support your home?

LORD OF CREATION.—Me? Oh, I lean against it.

A RIGHTEOUS COMPLAINT.

"**V**ASSAH!" carped a colored malefactor, through the bars of the village Bastile. "Dey 'rested me and drug me to de jestic's house in de dead o' night, and dat gen'leman riz right up out o' bed in his shirt, and hilt cou't, den and dar, and gimme sixty days in jail, all widout puttin' his pants on. Aw, yas!—cou'se I was guilty; dey done kotch me right in de act. Dat ain't what I'm 'plainin' 'bout: it's de scan'lous way de jestic acted. Law's law, sah, and I does think it ortuh be 'ministered wid mo' dignity!"



INVENTORS WE HAVE MET.

PERFECTOR OF THE ROACHSLAYER.—You see, the roach climbs up the suspended walk (A) until he reaches the spiral (B), when he becomes dizzy and falls off into the water-barrel (C). Semi-conscious, he hits the trip valve (D), which rings the gong, waking the attendant, who picks the insect out of the net and kills it on the anvil.



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"If all the people in the United States were to be assembled in one place, the center of population would be the point which they could reach with the minimum aggregate travel, assuming that they all traveled in direct lines from their residence to the meeting place."

—U. S. Census Bulletin.

This description gives a word picture of every telephone in the Bell system.

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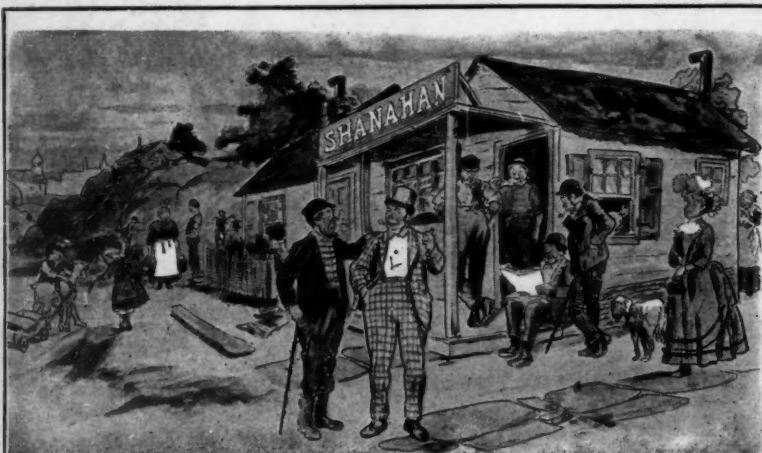
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A fowl collector came along,
Said he: "I'll purchase that."
He carted off the turkey bird
And put it in a crate,
And shipped it by express which charged
A most excessive rate.

'T was a commission merchant who
Received it at his store;
The retail butcher got it next,
Along with many more.
Then came the poor consumer man
And took the fowl away,
But he put up an awful kick
At what he had to pay.

For he was soaked the farmer's price
And the collector's due,
Express charge and commission fee,
And butcher's profit, too.
He could have written to the farm:
"Send me a bird to roast,"
And saved three-quarters of the price
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MARY.—And they found her walk-
ing the streets in her underwear.

ALICE.—A somnambulist, of course.

MARY.—No, simply a woman with
no one in the house to button her up.
—Harper's Bazar.

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SHE.—Poor little man! Let me see—perhaps
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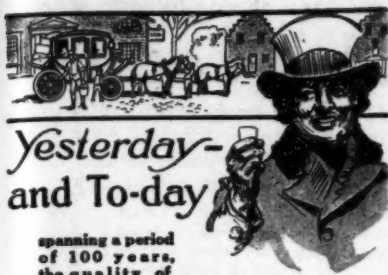
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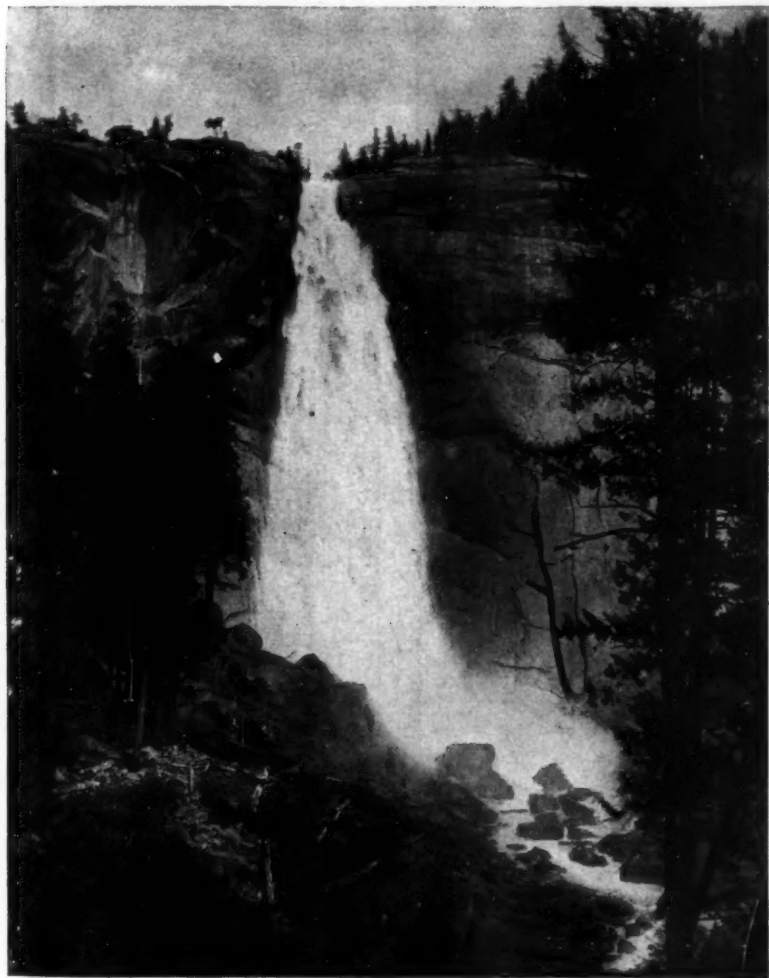
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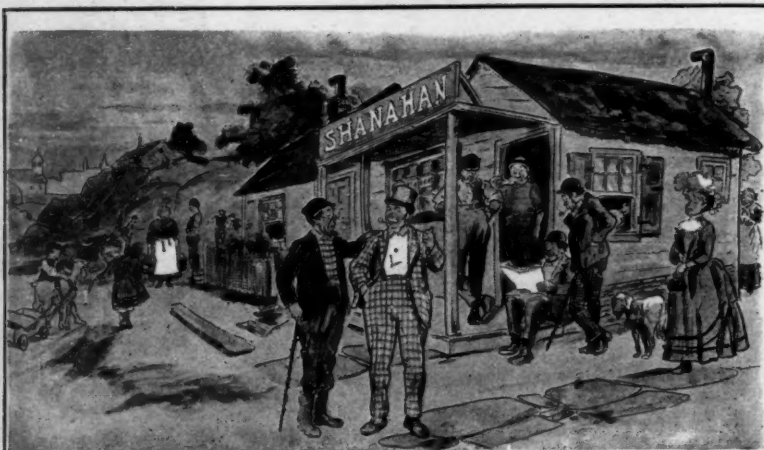
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OFFICER.—Stealing some brimstone, your Honor. He was caught in the act.

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner).—My aged friend, could n't you have waited a few years longer?—*Chicago Tribune.*

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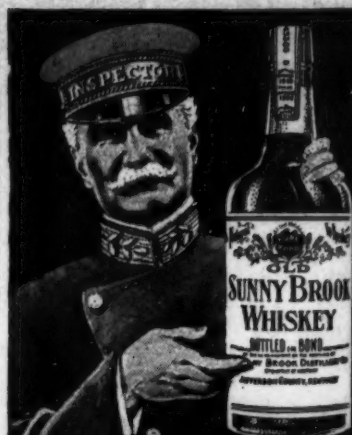
MANAGER.—Could you do the landlord in "The Lady of Lyons"?
ACTOR.—Well, I should think so. I've done a good many.

—*The Tatler.*

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